

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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FRANK AND HARRY.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

FRANK and Harry looked very happy one evening as they seated themselves each in his little arm chair by a bright October fire, and looked up in their mother's face, waiting for her to begin the story she had promised to relate to them.

"Which do you prefer, boys," said she, "a true, or a made-up story?"

They thought awhile, and then Harry replied, "A made-up story, mother." — "A true one!" cried Frank.

"Who am I to please in this case?" she asked.

"I am the oldest," said Harry.

"Well, I'll give up to Harry," said Frank.

So their mother, after rubbing her forehead a little while, began thus:

Once on a time there was in a rich man's house, as there is in the houses of most rich men, a very large

pantry full of every thing you can imagine for the table, as beautiful and nice as possible. Such quantities of silver and glass and elegant china you boys never saw. Besides these things there was of course every sort of good thing to eat and drink. There was cake of all sorts, preserves from all parts of the world, pickles of every description, all the different condiments, in short every good thing you can imagine. Among other things there was common bread and crackers and biscuit of all kinds and of the best quality.

Now strange to relate, there was one day a very warm debate in this famous pantry. And it is about that, that I am going to tell you. It was begun by a large frosted plum cake, who happened to be placed near a respectable looking loaf of bread.

"It has come to my knowledge," said the cake, "that human beings always have some kind of ruler over them, and I think it would be well for us inhabitants of this pantry to imitate our betters so called by electing some one of our number to rule over us. I would not thrust myself upon you, my friends, for this office, but if it should be thought by all of you, on account of my fine appearance and great character, that I am most worthy of it, I might be induced to take upon me this great care. The fact that I am thought so much of by good judges of such things is somewhat in my favor. I have a sweet nature, and am yet full of spirit of the first proof. I have spice enough in my constitution to bear trials and to resist evil, and to produce an impression and command respect, but it is not for me to praise myself. If all of you unite in choosing me for your head, I shall sacrifice my love of ease and retirement to the

public good. I do not wish any party to set me up as a candidate, but you must all unite in preferring me to all others, or I shall not serve."

The cake was silent after this speech, but looked down with a sort of calm contempt upon the honest loaf of bread by his side, and gave him a push as he finished.

Next a large china pot of preserved quince began to speak. "It appears to me," said he, "that our friend the plum cake, notwithstanding his pretended modesty, is very anxious to rule over us, and shows a very good opinion of himself and not a great regard for others. I saw him nudge the quiet, well-behaved loaf of bread as he finished. If you wish, my dear friends, to know my opinion of the fitness of the plum cake to be our ruler, it is this. I think he is too spicy, too rich, too grand, in short too aristocratic; he would despise us all after he once became our master. We want a more gentle, simple and republican character, — one who has more real sweetness of disposition than our friend can boast of, to govern us, — one who would be agreeable to every one of our society. If he has a slight acid or astringency in his nature it might improve him and make him more fit for the office, but it should be very slight, just enough to give relish and effective power to his character. Such an one, if you can find him, would be the right sort of governor for our community. You know best if you are so happy as to have such a person among you, who might be willing, if convinced it was for the public good, to take upon himself the very heavy charge of ruling over you. But I repeat it again, he must possess the utmost sweetness of nature to bear his trials well and do all his duty.

Sweetness is the first, the second, and the third requisite for this responsible post."

As the pot of quince finished speaking, a great rattling was heard in the castors, and out spoke the mustard.

"I was disgusted," said he, "with the manner in which my Lord Plumcake recommended himself to the highest office in our gift, but that sneaking pot of quince has beat him out and out. Sweet forsooth, nothing but sweetness will go down. And in these troublesome times too. I say right out what I mean. You want me and my men pepper and cayenne and anchovies and fish sauce, &c. &c. to rule over you. Now and then we may give you a little of our friend oil, but not often. I, mustard, am your man. I'll make their eyes water and make the whole body politic alive again as it once was. Get me in if you can, for the public good. Who'd be governed by a conceited plum cake or a pot of sweet quince, when he can have a pot of mustard for king? Is not mustard spoken of in the New Testament? And who'll show me a word there about plum cake or a pot of quince? Give us your votes, my men. I am your humble servant to command, and don't try to hide it."

"Three cheers for mustard!" cried out pepper and cayenne. "He is a most excellent person, and will govern like a saint," said the oil in the softest tone imaginable. "Three cheers for mustard!" cried the fish sauce.

And now there came from the superb decanter of wine a most musical sound, and in measured tones full of mirth and sprightliness the wine was heard to say:—

"Friends, all of you—I am your natural master.

Does it not in the Old Testament speak of wine that gladdeneth man's heart? Am I not called rosy wine? Have not the poets from the earliest days of the history of man praised me? I need not praise myself like friend mustard. To be sure I like his honest and down-right way far better than the mawkishness of Squire Quince, or the rudeness of my Lord Plumcake; but you well know, Mr. Mustard, you are too fiery by far, honest as you may be, and that if you don't bite people's backs you do their tongues, and cause them to shed tears when you go very near them. But I make every one so happy!—I am a right honest fellow—I open all hearts. I refrain from quoting Scripture again, but you all know how I was honored there. I am classical, I am aristocratic, and yet I am as good natured as a fool. Before the absurd temperance people began to persecute me, there was no birth, no marriage feast, no death but I was present at it. No man even preached without me to inspire him. I was indeed the King of this world. But these absurd lovers of cold water have actually persuaded men that that insipid stuff cold water is more to be honored than I am; and here in this great republic, if you will believe it, I am credibly informed they held a grand festival the other day, rang bells, fired guns, and sent up fireworks because forsooth a whole lake of cold water was admitted into the city. This would make me melancholy if anything could, but that is contrary to my nature. I make the best of things. All I can say is, if you elect me as your chief, you will find me an easy, witty, jolly person, who has his own way, and lets other people have theirs, and don't borrow trouble of any one. Time was when I should not have had to

solicit this office: all the world honored me. Alas! it is not so now, I confess. But here in this pantry my superiority is I think admitted. I am in fact king here, and you have only to confess it."

When this harangue was finished, the salt in the most decided tone said these few words: — "It seems to me that it would be better, if we must have any ruler, which I am not in favor of, that we should choose one whose qualities all acknowledge to be good. Not all like mustard, not all are fond of plum cake, not all relish quince, many disapprove of wine, many think ill of all spices; but all the world approves of bread. I would name bread for our ruler."

"That would be ridiculous enough," shouted the cake. "Bread! forsooth," screamed mustard. "Bread is nothing without me," said the wine. "Without me you mean," said the quince in a sweet under tone.

The bread very quietly said, as soon as there was silence, "What friend salt has said about me, applies only to himself—There is nothing in the world good without salt. It is one of the real necessities of life. My place may be filled by potatoes and the like, but not his. Great men you know are called the salt of the world. I desire no king, no ruler, but I wish you might have enough good salt among you to save you."

"Bread and salt to be our rulers!" cried out the plum cake, "that would be a good joke." "I am your man," said mustard.

"Nobody," cried a great pot of pickles, "has thought of me for the first office, whereas I am the very person you want. Your luxuriant sweet plum cake, your fiery mustard, your tipsy wine, your stupid bread, your mo-

notonous salt, are none of them fit for the place. I am sharp and knowing and will make all my subjects obey."

"Nonsense," said the wine with a loud laugh and colored up with a good natured indignation, "do you think we would have such a sour fellow as you to rule over us? I am the only fit person for you. I am sorry to have to sing my own praises, but the truth is I have to do so nowadays, for those abominable Washingtonian teetotallers have driven me out of all society except the very richest and best; they still cherish me, all of them who have good sense; but I am not what I once was in the world; still, in this pantry, I must be—I am—king."

"No you are not," screamed the cake—"No!" cried the mustard—"No," snarled the pickles—while the poor bread and salt were somewhat amused and somewhat shocked at the noise, but held their peace.

In the midst of this noise and confusion the lady of the house and her husband entered, and the brawling was no longer heard. It so happened that on this very day the master of this grand house in which was this well provided pantry, found out that he was a poor man, that all his property was lost and that he was a beggar, owning rightfully, if he paid his debts, not one dollar. His wife was a noble minded, good woman; she had long seen her husband was unhappy; his health too as well as his spirits had failed; and when she found it was only on account of his loss of money, she was relieved. He told her that he feared to let her know of his misfortunes. "I care nothing for myself," said she, "only get well and go to work again, and all will be well." She agreed with him that they must sell every-

thing but the barest necessities, and go without everything they could dispense with till he had made another fortune.

They had come into the pantry to give directions to the footman, who followed them, what to do with the superfluities and luxuries. "Take," said she, "the frosted cake home to the confectioners — the pickles to the grocers, and all the wine also. We shall drink no more of it, and cannot afford to give it to our friends. Carry all the silver to the jeweller's, except those few spoons; he has promised me to take it at a fair valuation. Pack up all the china except those few plates and dishes and this plain tea set. The castors are of silver, so take them also with the silver to the jeweller's."

"What," asked the footman, "shall I do with what is in the castors?"

"Throw everything away but the oil," said she; "that will do to oil the furniture and the rusty hinges in the small old house that we are going into."

"Throw them away, did you say?" asked her husband.

"Yes, my dear; Doctor W. said you must not take any condiments at all, neither pepper, nor mustard, nor cayenne, nor anything of the sort. Neither will I. Let us of all these good things so called, keep only bread and salt; all the rest are injurious and bad. Let us turn them all out of doors, and have henceforth nothing to do with them. Let us drink no more wine, and let us take only water. Our true friends will drink it with us. I am actually disgusted with the very sight of this plum cake, and look with pleasure only upon this good honest loaf of bread. Let me give you a

piece of it now, and let me get you a glass of water myself, that you may see how well I can do without a footman, and how well I can serve you. Only have a brave heart, my dear."

Her husband could not speak, soul and body were exhausted, for he had suffered much; he took the bread and water from his wife, and felt that after all he was a rich and not a poor man.

In a few hours the pantry was cleared of everything but the bread and salt and the few other necessities which they were forced to keep. In a few more days in a very clean but very small closet in a very small house were arranged the few cups and saucers and plates and dishes which the honest couple kept for themselves. In a nice tin box was a loaf of bread, and in a very clean, bright salt cellar some very fine white salt. They alone ruled in this small pantry where there was now peace and quietness. The master and mistress of the house were well and happy, he working out doors, and she within. He had recovered his health, and they both said they were happier than they had been since their wedding day.

E. L. F.

THE MOTHER'S REMEDY.

No one that walks the streets of Boston can have escaped observing the Express that rolls along upon its great wheels carrying the intelligence that it is Townsend's Sarsaparilla medicine which it is in this way

advertising to the inhabitants as a cure for all, or nearly all their diseases ; it promises to purify the blood, regulate the bile, and restore health to the suffering invalid. We also see in almost every newspaper advertisements of balsams and pills that are good for all ailments ; indeed we have heard of some most extraordinary pills that were good against thunder. These last pills it would not be worth while to meddle with, as thunder is a thing that should not be interfered with, it being a grand medicine for a bad state of atmosphere. Those advertisements all show that there is a great desire to lessen the ills of life, and make existence more happy. No one seems to know exactly how far these medicines have succeeded in their object ; there seems to be still much bodily suffering that is not alleviated ; every family has its portion of pains and aches, owing greatly no doubt to too much indulgence in eating and drinking, and keeping warm by means of fire rather than the pure air which is dealt out freely every day without cost.

Seeing all these methods taken to cure bodily diseases, we have thought how good a thing it would be if there could be some patent medicine invented to cure some of the mental troubles that disturb the peace of mankind, if there could be some balsam or elixir to purify the heart, regulate the temper, restore to the mind the health of innocence, and thus keep the individual always young, and healthy in soul. There is one form of mental disease which is not generally thought much of, but which is therefore the more dangerous, and it seems to us perfectly susceptible of cure provided it is acknowledged as such ; we would recommend that it should be attacked upon the first intimation of its existence ; as all derange-

ments of the bodily functions have a name, so should all mental derangements, and this one that we are now going to speak of, goes by the name of scolding; it assumes, like all diseases, different forms in different individuals, but in its mildest aspect it is repelling. In considering its dangers it should be remembered that it is not only infectious but very easily communicated. It is apt to show itself most, and become most violent when in the atmosphere of the young. I would now most earnestly speak of it in this regard.

When a young woman is in the relation of a mother she is apt to think that this disease is a necessary part of her situation, and believes that through its means she may effect some good to her child. But this is a most fatal mistake; she begins the education of her child by administering a poison which is to do its work of vitiating the pure and vital streams of its spiritual existence. The first growth of this malady appears in the mother's showing to her first-born that she knows something about right and wrong by saying to it, "No! no! naughty!" when a child persists as a sensible one would do, in ascertaining something about the objects that are around it, and are the only means he has, of showing to his mother that he is not stupid, a thing, which if he were she would not forgive him for.

After the No! no! naughty! comes "Naughty girl," or boy, as the case may be; and when the child gets stronger, and shows more character, still stronger expressions are used, till at last a habit of scolding the child is formed, and becomes to the mother's eye, an important means of education.

We would, with all deference to mothers, ask what is

done to the child by this process? If it is a timid child, he becomes sulky and secretive; if it is a courageous one, he practises either indifference, or indulges himself in sauciness, and in returning some of the same medicine which has been so disagreeable to him. He has not learnt one good thing by the scolding he has received; he has not learnt one lesson in right-doing; he has only learnt to have for the time a feeling of dislike to the scolder, even when it is his father, or mother. And what has the mother gained by it? Perhaps the child through the dint of scolding has ceased to do the thing for which she scolded him, not because he felt any abhorrence of the thing itself, but to get rid of the ugly words and sounds that have assailed his ears. The wrong that he has been guilty of, does not appear in his eyes sufficient cause for the censure he has received, and he thinks that it is because his mother is cross that she has so addressed him. Let any mother ask herself anxiously whether the scolding she has given her child has in her honest opinion enlightened her child's mind in any way whatever; has he gained any nicer sense of truth? has there been awakened in his mind any stronger desire to consider her words as law? has he been made to feel that she is his best friend, and that to obey her is necessary to his well being; have his love and respect been increased by her rebuke, and his sense of dependence been increased by the conviction that her ways are right, and his, wrong when he does not follow her directions? If she thinks any one of these sentiments has been awakened in his breast through the means which we have spoken of, then let her continue to use them; but I believe no fair-minded mother would say that she thought they were.

What then is a poor mother to do, who has a rebellious child? She is not to scold — this is what she is to avoid doing, however tempting the occasion may prove; and this determination not to scold will, if carried out, give her power to effect something; if she has conquered herself, she will be the better prepared to conquer her child. A child knows when he stands before a superior being — he feels power where it exists, and is in time subdued by it.

Would not parents avoid much pain if they were to remove as far as possible the causes of offence to a child? I do not mean by this that they should sit in the dark for fear the child should burn his fingers by seizing the candle, or that they should go without fire lest he should wish to get into it; but much can be done to prevent his becoming another Tantalus by being tormented with desires that cannot be gratified; if his wants are judiciously provided for, he will not be likely to be very troublesome in attempting to gain those things which are not suited to his age.

If a mother wishes not to be a slave to her child, she must prevent his wishes by supplying his natural and reasonable wants, and remember that these wants are the indication and assurance of his growth; by this foresight, the occasion for the use of the means we have been lamenting, would be greatly lessened.

It is with deep sympathy with mothers as well as with children that we venture to make these remarks, and not because we believe the labors of education are easily accomplished and may lightly be commented on; but, on so momentous a subject, where so much is at stake, it is well for all parties that any light be it ever so small,

should be made use of; for the education of children is a subject of general interest; and all who have had any thing to do with them may have gathered some experience and knowledge that may help on the great work.

Young mothers begin their task unprepared for its trials, and set out in a wrong way, simply from the circumstance that they have not thought much about it till they were in the field of action. It is something for such to say what they will *not* do; they may most innocently fall into the practice of scolding, and when it is too late, regret that they resort to it even when they themselves disapprove of it from their observation of its utter uselessness and real detriment to the scolder and the scoldee.

All the powers that a parent possesses should be laid out in impressing a child's mind with the beauty of virtue and the hideousness of vice. Let the mother use the eloquence of her tongue in showing forth the dignity of truth, the nobleness of disinterestedness, the respectability of industry, the safeguard of occupation, the beauty of kindness, the satisfaction of doing good. And let her so depict falsehood, meanness, selfishness, and idleness, as that they should excite a dread of their indulgence greater than even the scolding of Xantippe herself; let her forgive a thousand inconveniences and faults in her child, so long as he does not commit any of these; let him or her be dirty and ragged in peace, rather than indulge in any of these faults; let them be ungentlemanly and unladylike rather than demean themselves by a low action. Manners, like dress, can be changed, but a mean act, or desire, contaminates the soul, whose habits are not so easily laid aside. By

this attention to the essentials in character, a child catches from sympathy a like attention, and grows up with some idea of nobleness and greatness, learns something of the relative value of things.

If all his mother's displeasure is expressed only at what is wrong, he learns to associate the two things together, and in this way grows into a dislike of wrong and a love of virtue.

From what we have said it may seem not difficult to find the patent medicine which shall lessen some of the ills in domestic life. Without any parade of advertisements either in the papers or streets, this medicine may be obtained and had knowledge of, by an honest and earnest desire to perform faithfully the task of education.

The mother who has been intrusted with children who have come to her arms in innocence and who look to her to lead them into life eternal, knows, that if she goes to the fountain of living water she shall there find the helps that she needs; and let her not despair if in her inexperience she makes mistakes, but persevere, and hope on, to the last, and believe that the seeds she has sown in faith, shall one day spring up and bear fruit.

If these few words help in any way to excite anew the earnest mother, or suggest a thought to those who have carelessly undertaken the responsible work of education, they will answer the end for which they were written.

S. C. C.

SIEGBERT.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THE following tale is contained in a popular collection of German stories, and we have selected it for our young friends on account of its lively description of spirited boyhood, and the wholly foreign aspect of the scenery and manners which it delineates. But the countenance which at a first reading it seems to afford to the old superstition of ghosts and apparitions, however attractive it may render it to youthful curiosity, may require cautions and explanations, in the view of the unimaginative, reasoning parents of our age and country. We therefore request our young readers to observe particularly, that the ghost which haunted the night-hours of the guilty uncle, was the creation of his own burdened conscience, visible only to himself, and chasing from his eyes the peaceful slumber enjoyed by the innocent boy at his side. They may also assure themselves, that though there were no terrors of returning spirits from the unseen world, no threatenings of avenging justice, nor punishments inflicted by the wrath of man to harass the guilty, the gnawings of self-condemnation would still be sufficient to scare sweet slumber from their eye-lids; while health and innocence can always say, "I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me."

“THE last reflection of twilight had melted away in the mirror of the forest-brook, which with its quiet ripple flowed almost noiseless through the low ground; then rose behind the tall woods as though loth to withhold its light from the peaceful landscape, the round disk of the moon, and ascending ever higher above the valley it illumined the path which led by the water-side to a solitary dwelling, whose industrious inhabitants hardly ended their day's labor at night-fall. The children had just now been put to bed, the father was in the act of commencing his frugal supper, and the mother who had been busy with the care of the oxen, which as the most important possession of the family had not returned home with their master before a late hour, was now about to go in to her husband, when the tramp of a steed was heard abroad, and a stately man, dressed as a knight, drew up in the open space before the habitation. The mother hastened to the door, the father looked out of the window, and both of them were even more surprised, when the knight dismounted and placed on the ground a little boy who could scarcely have passed his third year, than by the lateness of the visit.

Saluting the inhabitants of the house, the knight tied his horse to a neighboring tree which overshadowed a part of the dwelling with its branches, and after throwing around a cautious glance, as though wishing to satisfy himself that he was alone, and that no other guests were present, he requested food and drink for himself, but more especially some refreshment for his little companion. The latter he had put down before him on one of the steps of the entrance of the house, and when he asked him whether he was tired, the boy replied almost

with anger, "Uncle, I have been sitting with you on the horse."

In the mean while, the peasant's wife brought out a bowl of milk; the knight took it from her and stooping down with one knee on the step, gave it to the boy, who clasped it with both hands and quaffed in long draughts the mild restorative. The eyes of the woman rested with as much pleasure as those of the knight who had again arisen, on the beautiful child, who after appeasing his thirst, joyously lifted his large eyes towards the moonlight. The man began from the window to ask questions out of curiosity, to which his unseasonable guest replied with a good-humored smile, but without rendering him much wiser in regard to the unknown.

Suddenly the practised ear of the knight caught a sound from the neighboring brook, as of horses rushing through it, and he quickly pushed the boy within the door. The peasant's wife also retreated in terror, when two men with drawn swords suddenly rushed forth in the rear of the house. They seemed to have intended to surprise the stranger at unawares, but when they saw that he too had drawn his sword and was prepared to defend himself, they stood still and looked wistfully on one another, irresolute whether to begin the struggle or retreat again to their horses, which they had left by the brook. The knight however did not long leave them in doubt; he himself began the fight, and being greatly their superior in strength and in the use of arms, they soon sank down in the open space overpowered by his blows. Linger no longer he mounted his horse with the boy and followed the road along the brook towards the mountain-forest.

Deeply thoughtful and intent on every sound, even on that made by any fugitive wild animal, he rode forwards up the gradually rising eminence. The boy in front of him had fallen asleep, and now turned towards him his peaceful countenance with its closed eyes, inclining his head backwards to his uncle's left side. The forest was beginning to be less dark, as the path now led along the edge of a deep ravine, out of which the brook below, which had entirely disappeared from the eye, gave notice of its proximity by a tumultuous rushing. Brighter still shone the moon in the clear space, and illumined the face of the sleeping child. The gurgling of the water penetrated the heart of the knight with a feeling of pensiveness.

'Orphan child,' said he to himself, 'father and mother God hath taken from thee; and wickedness hath also torn from thee thy tender grandsire!' His face kindled; involuntarily his hand convulsively grasped the hilt of his sword, when he grew calm again as he looked on the face of the child. 'Shall I be able to protect thee, will my sword prevail to recover for thee the estate of which thou hast been deprived? However, there is One above who rules; He will be thy Helper and Avenger, even should this last staff of human protection be broken!' — And at once, as though at this moment the Heavenly Watcher were giving him warning, he saw above, where the path turned from the ravine to the left, the shadow of a man fall on the illuminated road from behind a solitary bush.

'Here too, enemies?' he impatiently asked. He checked his horse in order to satisfy himself of the actual neighborhood of persons hid in ambush, when as

if unable to bridle their impatience, they emerged from behind the bushes. There were two men, who had been awaiting him at that most dangerous spot. The boy had started from his slumber in alarm; the knight clasping him closely to himself with the left hand, endeavored to open a passage with the sword which he held in his right hand and with the vigor of his steed, which he spurred on to a hasty leap. But just as he had reached the dangerous point, the noble animal struck by both opponents at once, began to falter; he himself received a wound in his side, while quickly springing off from the horse in order not to be crushed under him as he fell. At last however, he succeeded in safely placing the boy under a rock which jutted over the road; the child on completely awaking also recovered his courage, and gazed in wonder, as on a tournament, at the conflict which his uncle had now commenced, not dreaming how long he would vainly contend with his utmost strength for victory. Because, having rode out not to battle, but only upon a visit, he was unprovided with weapons for his protection, and these second opponents manifested far more resolution than the two first, though they also were at length obliged to yield to his superior prowess.

‘Yet even so thou dost not escape from us!’ cried one of them in angry tone just before expiring. ‘Others still, will cross thy path above.’

That he was discovered — that by a nearer road he had been intercepted, could now no longer be doubted. He felt exhausted to the last degree by long abstinence, by his exertions in the conflict and the loss of blood which gushed from his wound. This he first of all

bound up as well as he was able. Then leaning against the trunk of a tree, he for a while stood still there ; his little companion having taken his hand, nestled up to him ; not far from him stood his wounded horse, who had again raised himself ; before him lay the two men whom he had slain. Motionless, he steadily fixed his eyes on the awful chasm at his feet, as on a symbol of the inevitable gulf which seemed yawning for himself and the boy ; when suddenly a helping thought seemed to rise for him out of the rushing waters beneath.

He remembered that once, on a former occasion, when hunting on this mountain, he had wandered into a beautiful valley on the very edge of the forest, where peasants and shepherds led a blameless life in calm retirement, while they cultivated the lands and took charge of the herds which belonged to a neighboring cloister. In that spot he then wished first of all, to find a refuge ; though not until he had excited in his pursuers the belief that death had overtaken him and the child, as well as their opponents here, on the place of conflict. One of the fallen men he tumbled into the gulf, and threw after him his own cap with its waving plumes and other ornaments of his dress which he could easily tear off. These being too light to reach the bottom, were entangled in the bushes of the precipice. Lastly, he laid hold on his horse's bridle, and for some time his eye rested on him in deep sadness——‘ And yet I cannot save thee, neither canst thou, poor wounded beast, carry me any farther !’ he said, pressing him on, backwards, in the direction of the chasm. Again he stopped short, for the boy looked on him as in supplication for the animal. But now, these imploring

glances of the child addressed him as it were with the question — ‘Canst thou still hesitate, when the safety of so precious an object is at stake, wouldst thou not even sacrifice thyself, if necessary?’ By a new impulse of his hand the animal was pushed backwards and tumbled into the abyss below; he himself turned aside from the road, and the dark shadows of the forest soon concealed him, together with the child whom he carried in his arms.

II.

THE moon had sunk behind the mountain on the other side of the valley, and morning had not yet spread abroad its clear light, when the grim baron Arbogast of Wallenstatten appeared with a train of riders before the lonely habitation. He was the lord of those servants who, by a shorter path on the other side of the brook, had overtaken and nearly surrounded the knight as he was hurrying away with the boy. Suddenly his horse stopped and snorted in terror; the bodies of his two servants lay in the dim morning light, before the astonished gaze of the knight. In a furious rage, with loud knocking he summoned the trembling inhabitants out of their closed dwelling; and with fearful apprehensions they gave him a faithful account of all which had come to pass in the night. Whereupon, being less troubled at the death of his servants than pleased with the certainty of having found the fugitive’s track, he spurred on, in the hope of finding him above, in the hands of the other men who had been sent forward to overtake him. Hastily Arbogast pricked over the hill with his followers, towards the forest, without bestowing another

thought upon the peasants who then first began to breathe more freely. But as he speeded forward on the height, without heeding the precipice at his side, and desiring only to overtake his foe, the spectacle of one of the slain men suddenly presented itself; giving vent to his vexation, he was already beginning to rail at the cowardice of the other, for having retreated without intercepting the course of the fugitive and for having left his companion behind, when his followers pointed out to him in the abyss below, the crushed steed and a part of the raiment of the knight whom he was pursuing, adhering to the steep wall of the declivity. Nothing was to be ascertained concerning the knight himself, the boy, or the vanished servant, whom the foaming torrent concealed in its depths. They doubted not however that in the struggle of the combat the abyss had swallowed them all.

To descend over the almost perpendicular rocks and bushes into the hideous gulf, and examine the matter more closely below, was impossible; such an inquisition was deemed besides superfluous, inasmuch as a third troop of horsemen stationed far above at the termination of the forest, had vainly waited until the dawn of day without the occurrence of any incident whatever, and from this spot no trace of any horse, nor foot-print of any retreating foe, was discernible on the less rocky path.

Baron Arbogast therefore returned to his castle, glad to be rid at once both of the boy and the man, who might have taken strict vengeance for the disappearance of the child. In order however to clear himself before the public of all suspicion of guilt, he uttered loud complaints

against the base knight Hercules of Aspermont, who, as his uncle on the mother's side, had attempted to rob him of the boy, to whom he sustained the same relation upon the side of the father; though an incomprehensible fate had precipitated into one abyss of destruction, the guilty man together with the innocent child. He himself was now a distinguished nobleman, lord of all the possessions which would have been inherited by the boy, and no human being suspected that he had committed any of those crimes which bring down heaven's vengeance on the evil doer. Many years passed over him in the most exulting prosperity; he was highly esteemed by all the neighboring knights; the wife whom he married gave him two sons and a daughter in succession; and although at an earlier period, when he wandered through the passages and chambers of the castle, many frightful recollections started up before him, like invisible demons, from the very furniture and apartments; he was now beginning in his prosperity to forget at what a price he had purchased it. One remote chamber however, which always excited in him a peculiar horror, he wholly avoided.

But the avenging Power often suspends its flashing bolts for a season over the guilty head, in order to bring at once upon the sinner a night of tempest and dire terror, instead of that brighter day, of which, in the insatiableness of his wishes, he considers the first brilliancy of his success as only the dawning.

A fair promising future might thus have opened before the soul of Baron Arbogast, when he looked on his blooming wife and children; but just at the moment when his hopes most proudly soared, an unseen hand

Hand took back, one after another, all the gifts which it had bestowed; and as the man then felt himself compelled to trace back to his own conduct what had befallen him, dark forms arose in his inmost soul, instead of the fair images which had flattered him from abroad, and associated themselves with him as the gloomy companions of his desolated existence. The old man who had wasted away in that apartment, seemed sometimes to be moving round and eyeing him, as though he would say, 'Justice has now overtaken thee, behold it!' This figure appeared first before him when his wife was lying wasted and motionless, her life-springs stagnant under the breath of death, and with lifted right hand it menacingly pointed to the beds where his children were reposing in peaceful slumber; and again the vision revealed itself when they followed their mother. From that day it visited him more frequently than before, and it seemed as if the old man angrily looked on him from the farthest wall of his chamber. At the approach of winter especially, when the days were growing shorter, the vision was to be seen by him more frequently.

Many years passed away for the knight amid these horrors; the festivities which he often held, sounded to his disturbed spirit, like mocking discords, and whenever he gave himself up to revelling, the vision was only the more sure within a few days to appear to him. He endowed the neighboring churches and cloisters, but all in vain.

At last he had a dream one night, which was at first very alarming, and then wonderfully consoling. He found himself—at least, so it seemed to him—in a narrow apartment lighted by a single lamp; it joined on a

large hall where no tapers were burning, but the moon above shed a pale light, in whose glimmer the oddly shaped shadows of all kinds of old furniture reposed, like slumbering persons, leaning against the wall or squatted on the floor. Suddenly all the shadows stood up, dubiously wavering, like shadows of shadows, and congregating into an awful company, in the midst of which the old man was suddenly visible, not however as an apparition, but as a real, feeble, gray-haired man with an expression of deep grief on his countenance. And the old man and all the shadow forms moved towards the door of his apartment. An indescribable shudder, such as he had never experienced, came over him. With his utmost strength he called on all the heavenly powers for assistance, but no sound could issue from his lips; however, just as the old man attempted to stride towards him and his agony had risen to the highest pitch, a glorious form whose approach he had not perceived, stood all at once on the entrance of the threshold. It had the countenance of an innocent child, though in the size and proportion of its limbs it resembled a youth, and in its right hand it held a sword, which appeared however to be in reality only a beam of light. This it waved against the approaching shades, and as soon as the radiance of it fell upon them they instantly dispersed, as if scattered by a strong gust of wind; the old man vanished, and the form of the youth himself was soon no longer to be seen. The knight seemed only to behold the shadows of the household furniture under the moonlight in the hall, and to hear the dull sound of a clock which announced from a distance the conclusion of the midnight hour.

When he awoke, the bright day was shining on him,

and the purpose which he might have entertained half consciously in his sleep after the dream had departed, now came in distinct thought before his soul. He was convinced that if he could succeed in finding some pure innocent youth to be his companion, he should secure to himself the greatest alleviation of his loneliness ; and that if some innocent boy, like the form he had dreamed of, were resting by his side or keeping watch on the threshold of his apartment at the hour of danger, the apparition would not venture again to approach him. But where was he to find such an one, and if he could find him, what father having a virtuous son would entrust him to his hands?

[[To be continued.]

SAGACITY OF DOGS.

ONE of the most striking instances which we have heard of the sagacity and personal attachment in the shepherd's dog, occurred about half a century ago among the Grampian mountains. In one of his excursions to his distant flocks in these high pasturages, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. After traversing his pasture for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to

stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day into night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but, owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours among the dangerous morasses and cataracts with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of his valley, and was within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years.

Next morning by daybreak, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog, which had been lost the day before, had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child and each day on returning home learnt that the dog had been there and on receiving his usual allowance of cake had instantly disappeared. Struck with these singular circumstances, he remained at home one day, and when the dog as usual

departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract, almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers who frequent the Grampian mountains, and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began without hesitation to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but on entering the cave what were his emotions when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the faithful animal had just brought him, while the dog stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacency!

From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot; and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

GOD SAVE THE PLOUGH.

SEE how the shining share
Maketh earth's bosom fair,
Crowning her brow!
Bread in its furrow springs,
Treasures unknown to kings—
God save the Plough!

Look to the warrior's blade,
While o'er the tented glade,
Hate breathes his vow:
Strife its unsheathing wakes,
Love at its lightning quakes,
Weeping and woe it makes—
God save the Plough.

Ships o'er the deep may ride,
Storms wreck their banner'd pride,
Waves overwhelm their prow;
But the well-loaded wain,
Garners the golden grain,
Gladdening the household train—
God save the Plough,

Who are the truly great?
Minions of pomp and state,
Where the crowd bow?
Give us hard hand and free,
Culturers of field and tree,
Best friends of Liberty—
God save the Plough.

ANON.

THE TWO DOGS.

SEE FRONTISPIECE.

It is a good thing for a child to have the care of domestic animals as far as possible; they learn patience from them, as well as the habit of thinking of something besides themselves; and their hearts, if they love the animals, are kept open by them to pity and kindness.

A little girl by the name of Fanny, had the care in her father's family of feeding two dogs, one a spaniel, the other a poodle. She fed them both at the same time. She had taught each of them to wait while the other was fed. The spaniel was not very patient while the poodle took his portion, but the poodle sat perfectly still and never asked for a morsel till Fanny said "Fidele," and then he gladly received what she gave him, and after devouring it, sat still again, looking as solemn and quiet as if he were at church. The spaniel on the contrary had now and then to receive a slight box on the ear for his bad behavior.

One day a lady dined at the house of Fanny's father, and was very much pleased at the patient way Fanny waited to be helped. Every one had his or her dinner except Fanny and her younger sister, and when her mother was going to help her she whispered to her, "Help Annie first, or I am afraid she'll cry. I can wait, mamma." The lady heard the whisper, for she sat next to Fanny, and perhaps unwisely praised her patience. The child replied, "I should think I might be as patient as our poodle, and he waits very quietly while I feed Rover. He seems to know that Rover can't wait quietly, any more than little Annie can."

These two dogs had spoken to her as wisely as Burns' two dogs did to each other.

E. L. F.

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTERS.

ONE morning there was a little girl sitting on the door-steps of a pleasant cottage near the common. She was thin and pale. Her head was resting on her slender hand. — There was a touching expression in her sweet face, which the dull, heavy expression about her jet black eyes, did not destroy.

Her name was Helen. For several weeks she had seemed to be drooping without any particular disease ; inconstant in her attendance at school, and losing gradually her interest in her former employments. Helen had one sister, Clara, a little older than herself, and several brothers.

This day she seemed better ; and something her sister had said to her a few moments before, gave that expression of sadness to her face, as she sat at the door of the cottage. Clara soon came to her again.

“Helen, mother says you must go to school ; so get up, come along, and get ready, and not be moping any longer.”

Helen. “Did mother say so?”

Clara. “Yes, she did. You are well enough, I know, for you always say you are sick just at school-time. Get your bonnet, for I shan’t wait.”

Helen got up slowly, and wiping away with her apron, the tear that had started in her eye, she made her preparations to obey her mother’s command.

Now Clara had a very irritable disposition. She could not bear to have Helen receive any more attention or

sympathy than herself; and unless she was really so sick as to excite her fears, she never would allow that she was sick at all. She had determined not to go to school alone this morning, and therefore had persuaded her mother to make her sister go with her. In a few moments they were both ready. Their dinner had been packed in a basket, which stood in the entry.

"Helen," said Clara, "I've carried the basket every day for a week; it's your turn now."

"But it's twice as heavy now," said Helen, "I can but just lift it."

"Well, I don't care," said Clara, "I have got my Geography and Atlas to carry; so take it up, and come along—I shan't touch it."

Helen took up the basket without saying another word, though it required all her little strength, and walked slowly behind her sister. She tried hard to keep from crying, but the tears would come as fast as she could wipe them off. They walked on thus, in silence, for about a quarter of an hour. Clara felt too much ill-humored to take any notice of her sister. She knew she had done wrong, but was too proud to give it up, and was determined to "hold out;" excusing herself by thinking,—well, Helen is always saying she is sick, and making a great fuss. It's just good enough for her." When she had reached the half-way stone, she had half a mind not to let her rest there, as usual; but the habit was too strong to be easily broken, and she sat down sullenly, to wait for Helen to come up.

The broad flat stone was shaded by a beautiful weeping willow, and around the trunk of this tree ran a little brook. It would seem as if the beauty of this place must

have charmed away the evil spirit which was reigning in Clara's breast—but no !—The cool shade brought no refreshment to those evil passions. She sat sullenly till Helen came up, and then began to scold her for being so slow.

“Why don't you come along faster, Helen? You will be late to school, and I don't care if you are; you deserve a good scolding for acting so.”

“Why, Clara, I am very tired, my head does ache, and this basket is very heavy; I do think you ought to carry it the rest of the way.”

“Do give it to me then,” said Clara; and she snatched it from her with such violence, that the cover came off—the apples rolled out, and fell into the water; the gingerbread followed, and the pie rolled into the dirt. It has been truly said, “anger is a short madness,” for how little reason have those who indulge in it. Helen was not to blame for the accident; but Clara did not stop to think of this. Vexed at having lost her dinner, she turned and gave her sister a push, and then walked on as rapidly as possible. Oh, could she have foreseen the consequence of this rash act, could she have known the bitter anguish which it would afterwards cause her, worlds would not have tempted her to do it; but she was angry. Helen was seated just on the edge of the water, and she fell in; it was not deep. She had waded there many a day, with her shoes and stockings off, and she easily got out, but it frightened her very much, and took away all her strength. She could not even call to her sister, or cry.

A strange feeling came over her, such as she had never known before. She laid her head on the stone, and closed her eyes, and thought she was going to die, and

she wished her mother was there. Then she seemed to sleep for a few moments ; but by and by she felt better, and getting up, she took her empty basket, and walked on as fast as she could towards school.

It was nearly half done when she got there ; and as she entered the room, all noticed her pale face and wet dress. She took her seat, leaned her aching head upon her hand, and attempted to study, but in vain. She could not fix her attention at all. The strange feeling came over her again, the letters became mingled together—the room became dark—the shrill child screaming its A B C in front of her desk, grew fainter and fainter—her head sunk upon her book, and she fell to the floor.

Fainting was so unusual in this school, that all was instantly confusion ; and it was some minutes before the teachers could restore order. Helen was brought to the air, two of her companions despatched for water, and none were allowed to remain near, except Clara, who stood by, trembling from head to foot, and almost as white as the insensible object before her. O ! what a moment of anguish was this—deep, bitter anguish ! Her anger melted away at once ; and she would almost have sacrificed her own life, to recal the events of the morning. If Helen only recovered, she would spend the future in endeavoring to atone for past unkindnesses. It seemed, for a short time, indeed, as if she would be called on to fulfil her promises. Helen gradually grew better, and in about an hour was apparently as well as usual. It was judged best, however, for her to return home, and a farmer, who happened to pass by in a gig, very kindly offered to take her.

Clara could not play with the girls as usual. Her

heart was full, and she was very impatient to be once more by her sister's side. O, how eagerly she watched the sun in his passage round the school house : and when at length he threw his slanting beams in through the west window, she was the first to obey the joyful signal, and books, paper, pen, ink, and slate, instantly disappeared from her desk.

Clara did not linger on her way home. She even passed the half-way stone with no other emotion than a deep sigh. She hurried to her sister's bed-side, impatient to make up by every little attention for her unkindness. Helen was asleep. Her face was not pale, but flushed with the burning fever. Her little hands were hot ; and as she tossed restlessly about on her pillow, she would mutter to herself, "stop, stop," and then again beg her not to throw her to the fishes.

Clara watched long in agony for her to awake. This she did at last, but it brought no relief to the distressed sister and friends. She did not know them, and continued to talk incoherently about the events of the morning. It was too much for Clara to bear ; she retired to her own little room and lonely bed, and wept there. By the first dawn of light she was at her sister's bed-side ; but there was no alteration. For three days Helen continued in this state. At the close of the third day, Helen gave signs of returning consciousness—recognized her mother, and anxiously inquired for Clara. She had just stepped out, and was immediately told of this, O ! how joyful was the summons.

She hastened to her sister, who at her approach looked up and smiled ; the flush in her cheek was gone, and her face was deadly pale. Clara was entirely overcome ;

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she could only weep ; and as she stooped to kiss her sister's white lips, the child threw her arms round her neck, and drew her still nearer. It was a long embrace—then her arms moved convulsively, and fell by her side—there were a few struggles—she gasped once or twice—and little Helen never breathed again.

Days, weeks, and months rolled on.—Time had somewhat healed the wound, which grief for the loss of an only sister had made. But it had not power to remove from Clara's heart, the memory of her unkindness. She never took her little basket of dinner to school, nor passed the half-way stone, without a deep sigh, and sometimes a tear of bitter regret. Children who are what Clara was, go and be now what Clara is, mild, amiable, obliging to all.—*Gospel Teacher.*

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#### A FEW WORDS FROM AUNT JUDITH.

“ I HAVE missed you very much, George, during the last fortnight, and it gives me great pleasure to have you seated at our little table once more. You know I have been with our kind friends all summer, and therefore did not need your society as much as I have since my return. The evenings are growing longer, and besides your studies, you must find time to read to me while I am sewing, and a half hour now and then, to talk over your last summer life. To-night we will have no books, as this is your first evening at home after four months' absence. I perceive that one great purpose,

for which you went out to Mr. N.'s farm, is answered, for you look very robust, and I think you are a little taller. I hope while you strengthened your physical powers, you have not neglected to cultivate those within. You have had constantly open before you one of our Father's most beautiful volumes, the book of Nature, and we shall soon know if you have read it aright. I should like to know if you have found labor so degrading as Alfred Arnold thought, when he laughed at the idea of your being a cow-boy."

"No, aunt," said George, "even when I was very tired I did not think it was a bad thing to work after all. I slept so soundly, that it almost paid for being so weary. In the morning, it was very pleasant in the fields and woods, everything looked so fresh and sweet. At first Mr. N. did not call me till sunrise, for he said I should be tired enough with my day's work, if I began then. But in a few days I thought I would get up and see the great lamp of day light up the beautiful world. Sometimes I would be driving the cows to pasture, and while I stopped a minute to catch the first rays, the cows would stop too, to catch their first mouthful of grass, and I thought how much more elevated may be our enjoyments than those of the brutes."

"But I think, George, you must have enjoyed your breakfast as much as the cows, after your walk, for you do not look as if you had been suffering from a poor appetite."

"I can assure you, aunt, that my bread and butter and cold meat and cup of milk, were fully appreciated. After breakfast I had various kinds of work to do, which kept me busy till dinner time. Then I had one hour to

rest. That was all the time I had to read, except Sundays."

"If you improved that hour each day, George, I think you must have accomplished something in the line of reading."

"Yes, I read the summer numbers of the *Child's Friend*, one or two newspapers each week, Mr. Horace Mann's speech, Sparks' *Life of Washington*, and several of Mrs. Hofland's and Miss Edgeworth's stories."

"I hope you did not hurry over the books too much, to remember their contents. The world is flooded with books of all descriptions now, and there is great danger of spending time upon those of little value, and also of hurrying through so many, that one keeps effacing the impression of the other. Merely saying that such a person is a great reader is a doubtful compliment now, for I have known persons of leisure to read fourteen romances in fifteen days, and they were great readers certainly."

"I think I could give you some account of each book that I have read," said George, "for I used to think over what I had read, when I was at work, planting, or raking hay in the afternoon."

That was right, George. If the work of the hands does not need the energies of the mind constantly directed to it, it is well to follow out some pleasant train of thought. The work will often suggest much for the mind to follow out. Thus, when you are planting potatoes, though your hands are soiled, and your back aches with stooping, you can think how many good dinners they will help to make, how many hungry mouths they will feed. You can think how wonderful is the

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growth of vegetation, how each plant reproduces itself, and how unbounded is the wisdom of the Maker of all.

However menial or wearisome the task may be, the spirit need not brood over it, but silently spreading its unseen wings float away in the calm atmosphere of its own beautiful ideas.

A LOVER OF CHILDREN.

THE CONTRAST:

OR TRUE ANECDOTES.

A GENTLEMAN who was walking the streets of Boston, had his attention awakened by a noisy crowd of people, who had collected near one of the fruit stands; he stopped to find the cause of the disturbance, and saw that a man was accusing a little boy of having taken one of his apples; the little boy stoutly denied having done so, the man as stoutly declaring that he had, and demanding the price of the apple. It was difficult to tell where the truth lay; some believed the boy, and some believed the man; at last the affair was settled by some one pushing forward, who, looking the boy in the face, asked him how he dared tell such a wicked lie as to say he had not taken the apple, for added he, I saw you do it just now. The boy looked astonished, and replied, "Did you see me take it?" "Yes, I did," said he; "Well then," said the boy, "if you saw me I will pay for it." He then gave the cent to the owner of the apple, and walked off. This boy, for the sake of saving

his cent was willing to lie ; to go home with, to go to bed, and rise in the morning, with the knowledge all the while, that his tongue had told a lie ; that his hands had been guilty of stealing, and his memory furnished with the sad picture of a liar, and that liar himself, a picture he could not get rid of.

We will now leave this poor boy, whom we pity and are sorry for, and turn to another one.

It was a year after this event, that the gentleman who witnessed it, was again in the streets of Boston. It was in the month of October, on the day when the great Cochituate burst into the great city, leaping up into a beautiful fountain, and spreading out his glorious waters ; saying to the thousands that looked upon him, I have come from afar, to comfort and bless you all, the poor and the rich ; to the poor I say, " Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money." Rejoice with me that at last your labors have been rewarded ; let your spirits ascend as do my waters to their great first source.

This glorious 25th of October, and its splendid procession of thousands upon thousands ; its multitudes of glad faces ; its fire-works ; its illuminations ; its silvery fountain sending up its diamond waters, so majestically, so unconscious of the admiring gaze of beholders ; this glorious day had at length an end ; and the brilliant pageant gradually subsided into something like repose ; the fire-works ceased ; the fountain retired for the night ; the illuminations faded away, and the weary spectator exhausted with delight, sought for a place of refreshment, or repose. The gentleman to whom we have alluded went into a coffee house for a supper ; while he

was there, a little boy came in, and holding out a few cents asked for some sticks of candy, when it was handed him, he took from his pocket a fourpence, and said, "I was here last year and had an ice-cream which I did not pay for, because I could not find any one to give the money to, and I have not been in town since;" he then laid the fourpence upon the counter and walked out.

It was a good day for such a deed; and was there not in the heart of this boy something more beautiful, something greater than processions, or fountains, or fireworks. In paying this little debt of a year's standing, he showed that there was; and it is to be hoped that he will one of these days do greater works than the Cochituate has been made to do. In this simple act he showed that he was allied to the God of truth, and was the inheritor of all that he looked upon. The fountain will one day cease, and all the show and glitter that was exhibited on that day has its end, but the honest heart of the child who so remembered his debt, was born to grow brighter and brighter till it returns to the heaven whence it came. This boy returned to his home with his memory stored with beautiful pictures, and that satisfaction which belongs only to those who do right.

The gentleman who told the story, said, "This was better than the show," and so say we. S. C. C.

OUR lives are for the purposes of religious labor, love, and salvation. If these are destroyed, what is not lost? If these are preserved, what is not preserved?

[Veishnoo Sarma.]

THE WOOD CHILDREN.

"OH! Lizzie, Lizzie, come,—here is the brook;—the water is so clear in the bright sun, that I can see the dark fishes; and one saw me, I know, for he darted away like an arrow when my shadow fell on the water; and now, he has hidden under the great rock. Come, Lizzie, do, or they will all be asleep before you get here."

Lizzie was too happy, and too busy to heed her impatient little sister, for she had found something that she loved better than the fishes—a cluster of violets that grew in the shade of the old Grape-vine. The grey moss with its scarlet cups was there, and brown acorns were scattered all around, as if they had carelessly been left at a fairy's feast. Lizzie was quietly dreaming that the violets were little wood-children, and was thinking to herself a story about their tiny lives.

"Ah! Kate," she said, "why did you call me?" The flowers look half-asleep now, but before you spoke they looked so bright I almost thought they knew me. Little Dot has hidden behind the old mother violet as if she were afraid of you."

"What a silly child you are, Lizzie; we'll go and see the fishes, and then, when we come back, you can tell me all about your wood family. Grandmother Violet will keep the children at home, I know, till we come—their small feet are tied too firmly in the ground, to run fast."

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“ Ah! Kate, you would not laugh if you knew them better. I have such a beautiful story about them that little Alice, who lives in the lane, told me, — you shall hear it.”

The little girls ran down to the brook, and soon their bare feet were glancing in the water like white fluttering birds. Quiet Lizzie was half afraid of the dark fish that glided so near her; but Kate was so wild with joy that she tried to catch them in her hands. One little spotted Bream glided so near them, that Kate screamed with pleasure, but the little fish was too swift to heed her rude grasp, and he darted away like an arrow. After trying in vain to reach one, she called out, — “ Do you believe, Lizzie, that, that little girl did tame the fishes so nicely that they took bread from her hand. If I had only a pin-hook and a thread, I think I could catch one.”

“ Kate! the little girl never frightened the fish with a hook,” whispered quiet Lizzie.

“ Ah! you dont know,” said Kate, “ I have a nice spool of thread in my pocket, and if you will only give me a pin, —— here is one in my frock now, — I’ll have him in a minute. If it makes you look so sad, run and talk to your little wood children, and I will call you when I have caught him.”

Lizzie ran gladly to the wood, and Kate threw off her sun-bonnet, and seated herself on the grass, to bend the unwilling old pin into a hook, and to bait it with a fly she caught there. The child did not mean to be cruel; she was only thoughtless, as you are sometimes; but thoughtlessness causes much suffering in the world, as we shall know when we are older.

I can almost see the little girl now, as she looked then, the bright curls falling round her face as she bent over the water, and her white feet securely placed on the stones in the bed of the brook. The brown leaves and the fishes floated along without heeding her. But at last the same little bream (a young and thoughtless fish I know) snapped carelessly at the bait, and Kate drew him triumphantly from the water.

"Oh! Lizzie, Lizzie," she screamed, "I've caught him, — I've caught him. He is golden and crimson, and now he is green and purple and silver, — he looks like a rainbow in the sun, Lizzie, Lizzie, the colors are fading, run."

Lizzie ran to meet her, and found the poor fish gasping and dying on the green bank.

"Kate — he is suffocating," she exclaimed; "what have you done? He is dying — he was so tame, and came so freely to meet us; and now, you have killed him."

Poor Kate had not thought of this; she only wanted to see the fish more plainly, and look at the bright colors in the sun. She had forgotten that he must die if she took him from the water; and when she saw his agony, as he lay tossing on the grass, she wept sadly for her folly.

But Lizzie was far more thoughtful. She said, "Let us take the poor fish up, carefully; a bit of birch bark will make a nice boat for him, then we can lower him down into the brook, and the cool water may revive him."

Kate was full of smiles at the thought. So they raised the fish carefully, for they were a little afraid of him after all, and placed him in a little boat of birch

bark, and launched it on the stream. The boat floated a minute, then quickly overturned, for the fish darted away, far down in the deep water; too deep, I hope, for any children ever to find him again.

"Come now, Kate," said Lizzie, "you must not be sad any longer—he is better now. Come with me, and see my wood-children, Mrs. Violet is just taking tea."

"What can you mean, Lizzie, I do not care about the violets."

But very soon she did care—for Lizzie had found a large mushroom which she had placed near them for a table. On that, she had spread the scarlet cups of grey moss for wine-glasses, and acorn cups for plates. She had made quite a pretty little tea-set of acorns, by taking out the kernel, and placing handles on the shells,—these were made of flower-stems, and ornamented with leaves of flowers. On the top of the largest one which was meant for the urn, a little scarlet bud was placed for a knob.

Kate was delighted. "Do tell me, Lizzie, how you learned to make them; and what the story is about the flowers?"

"Well, sit down by the table, quietly," said Lizzie, "and I will tell you. Little Alice, who lived in the lane, last summer, told me that she was so much alone in the country that she used to come out and talk to the flowers, because she had no children to play with; and she says the violets are best. They are so humble that you must look for them; but Alice says if you are going by without seeing them, then, they seem to call after you, for their breath is so sweet you must find

them. And they like to see us too, she says, for when she comes home sad, from school, they look up in her face and smile, and seem to play hide-and-seek in the grass, till she laughs."

"Alice is a strange girl, I think."

"I know that, but she tells us beautiful stories, and is so good, too. Mother says she is wiser than some old people. She thinks the old Violet is a queen, and she sits on a beautiful green throne, while the little violets nod and bow around her like lowly subjects. In the evening, when the dew falls, they hold up their blue cups, and the green leaves, which are vases, to be filled with dew. She says each flower is a little princess with a green vase in her hand, and they all have to work hard too, for they must empty the vases at the root of the old mother Violet, only first taking a little for their own supper."

"I thought they had nothing to do, but could dance all day."

"No — she says they have a ball too, sometimes; then all the insects are invited, and the wind whistles for music; and the young buds who have never been out at all, unroll their green hoods and look quite purple in the face with the cold air and with dancing in the wind. She had one that she named Nina, it had a little crook in its back, but it did not seem to mind it a bit, for it danced faster than any of them; it seemed to have a more distinct face than the rest, and Alice loved it best. She never gathers a flower — but one day, this one faded and fell from the stalk, and Alice was quite unhappy.

She says they pray every night. When it was time

for their church to begin, just at sunset, she crept down quietly to join them. Poor little Nina was gone, but the other flowers knelt around, and were so still, that it seemed like a prayer; and they were so fragrant, she believed they were all thinking of Nina. She said she knew it was the flower's funeral.

"To-day I spread the mushroom table for them; they may be hungry you know. The moss-cups are for the young buds, and the large flowers can drink from the acorn cups. I call this little one Dot; she is not pretty, but she does seem so cunning, like a little dumpy child. We must be careful never to trample on the violets again, I should be so grieved to hurt them."

"I never thought anything about them before, Lizzie, and I cannot believe now that they have souls as Alice thinks. But I know the fish has one, for he was so frightened when I caught him, that it made me feel frightened too; and then, when he was so glad to fall into the cool water, I was quite happy. I think he must have been hungry, or he would not have cared for that ugly fly. Let us take some crumbs from the violets' table, for him; they love dew-drops best, I know. If the violets are so shy, Lizzie, we must not disturb them again, for they have not looked at their mushroom table yet. Let us say good bye to them now, and to-morrow I know we shall find all the dew-drops are gone."

"Yes, and let us ask mother if she thinks Alice is right, when she says the flowers have souls. At any rate we ought to be kind to every one, if even the flowers and the fishes can be made unhappy."

"Good night, Grandmother Violet."

Good night, little children — good-bye. s. w. L.